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VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1593.

Original Poetry.

FAREWELL TO TENNESSEE.

BY CHARLES C. JACKSON.

How sweet to stay on Fancy's wings,
To visit remembered spots I love;
While Memory smiles, and Hapiness sings,
O'er each familiar scene I prove.
How sad, how cheerless how to cease
These hills and vales so strange to me!
How dear the friends and wilds of *Nature*—
The Home, to Tennessee!

The forest—with its mantle green,
Where stillness I make my own,
The streams—within whose depths serene
I watched the sunlight as it shone—
The hill, which oft I climbed, to view
That quiet vale so dear to me—
Adieu! I bid you all adieu!
Bright *Jewels* of Tennessee!

Though ere my temple a sunny sky,
Though hills and lovely vales are here,
Though kindness beams from every eye,
But fills the sad and silent tear!
Here, friends would soothe me with their mirth:
But ah! they cannot give to me
That sweet beside my native hearth—
That Home, to Tennessee!

I hear—I hear the joyous shout,
I see the dark eye brightly beam!
How clear that youthful laugh rings out—
How calm that eye's bow-beriding gleam!
Ye dreams those heavenly tones! Ah, those eyes, like angels', bend on me!
Dear friends! I bid you fondly now;
So far from Tennessee!

Adieu! ever more a fond adieu!
Once more, a long and lingering gaze!
There I the joys of childhood knew;
And there were passed my happiest days!
While Memory sweep her magic wand,
And enchanted Fancy still is free,
I'll love thee still, my native land—
My own, dear Tennessee!

Original Novelet.

THE DISAPPEARED DAUGHTER:

OR,

THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ANN S. D. E. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF "MARGARET," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

{Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.}

CHAPTER XXXII.

PRIDE OF PURITANS.

Was ever woman in this humor wha?
Shakspeare.

Yes, many times before and since Lady Anne begins by some one smiled by looking, as we have done the same. We heard Ambrein's laugh of scorn at the very mention of the possibility of a man's standing pretended to be against whose fascinations being forewarned, she was forearmed with proofs—if *we* were not captivated by a man she had predetermined to being charmed to her own feet—for here was a man she heartily disliked, and thoroughly disapproved!

It is not easy to understand or describe the process by which this state of affairs was brought about, but the most sensitive of the party, herself first, Ambrein was so intent upon storming the heart of the woman that she left her own heart ungarded, and it was very beautifully compromised. The first word after the events recorded in the last chapter, General Gerard, with any appearance of offence taken, or of coldness, profoundly and gracefully withdrew his attention from Miss Wylie, and confined himself, during his visits to Point Pleasant, to political, or agricultural discussions with the Judge and Ulysses Roubeck. Time his manner played and distracted Ambrein's fancy. His manly beauty, grace and accomplishments attracted her, and all together constrained her thoughts to hover around his spell, present or absent. And so, she "instinctively hesitated," to draw her on to think of him, wonder over him, speculate about him, and take offence at him, which was the next step of course, if it were not proof *of*—falling in love with him!

And this sense of instinctive hesitancy," this seething fallibility, also put her out of conceit with set guardian, poor Ulysses, at his ease, and off his guard! How much better to think that the world had been harsh and unjust in its judgment of General Gerard, that it had judged him without knowing him, and his defiance, and all else he had been hardest, most unjust than all the rest! for, without ever having what he had to say for himself, she had promulgated sentences, and proposed punishment! And—poor! how could she look upon that majestic, yet graceful form, upon that highly intellectual, yet profoundly modest face, without experiencing, without remorse! without a rising desire to confess how much she had wronged him in her thoughts, and how sincerely repentant she was!

Yet he had worn through all the ordeals of conviction, remorse, repentance, conversion! or perversion, if the reader thinks it the fitter word. She began to see how she had erred, with Allen and Elder, had somehow been in the wrong! could be so, also put her cold hand in

"I never have felt myself worthy of your daughter, sir," replied Horace, apparently strong by Mr. Glenmore's bitter taunts. "I acknowledge I have been unjust to her motto. I have lived in a world of my own, from earliest boyhood, very much like the chrysalis in its shell. I could not be forced to affect an interest I did not feel. The heart admits of no dictator. At least mine does not. Your daughter has nobly asserted the independence of hers. I admire, I honor her for it. She should be crowned with laurels, instead of being doomed to banishment; exalted into a heroine, instead of being forced to earn her daily bread."

"Does she appear unhappy?" asked Mr. Glenmore, relaxed, in spite of himself, into Horace's warm eulogium.

"She will be, she was realigned, if not happy. A spirit like hers would sustain itself in any situation."

"How did she receive you?" asked the father.

"Far more cordially than I deserved. We parted friends, before that unlucky note from Frenzie, I mean, we shall ever remain."

"Friends!" repeated Mr. Glenmore, with a peculiar smile. "When a young man and a young girl talk about being friends, Mr. Horace, we know what it means. I see very well that it rests with yourself to shorten the period of my daughter's banishment. If you wish it, you can become her master."

"No, sir," hastily interrupted Horace, the blood rushing over to his temples, "who did not disguise the repugnance which Isabel felt for me. I have no hope that I could ever conquer it. Love deserves of those genius and those nobleness with which charm the eye and win the affections of the young and beautiful. But with so little to inspire love, I should be boundless in my wishes, endless in my exactions. If I were loved, I should be an exacting lover. I could stake my life's happiness on being loved in return. I overrule for what might be the consequences."

"You have thought of the subject more than ever did to Sophia Vale, it seems," said Mr. Glenmore, sarcastically.

"I have," replied he, frankly, "and this, too, as I have never done before; but, as I have home knowledge, and it may be long before I return, I shall have ample time to recover the former tone of my mind. In the meantime, I know your greatest heart will speak for your daughter's comforts, and will not plead in vain."

"What book sensible young men can make of themselves!" muttered Mr. Glenmore; "I don't want to know what is the reason you could not make yourself loved if you tried? With a fine figure, a splendid figure, talents of a high order, might be proud, a large fortune, and an unblemished character, you talk as if you were a scare-crow, terrible enough to frighten away all the girls in Christendom."

"I spoke only of Kollen's repugnance, sir."

"And that was born of your indifference. The hordes of the song was that she could not be won as adored with, that she could not marry a man who disliked her."

"Disliked her!" repeated Horace. "I never disliked her. I was indifferent, blind, stolid, perhaps. Mr. Glenmore, I beseech of you to discuss this subject further, to-night. I should be glad to leave you say, before I leave you, and would recall Kollen from banishment. I should go with a lighter heart."

"Did she commission you to plead in her behalf?"

"No, sir," replied the young man, with growing warmth. "All that I have said, is the spontaneous suggestion of my own mind. I have said nothing, claims nothing from you. If you were in sickness and sorrow, she would be by you or the wings of fatal love; but in your pride, your haughty and strength, she feels that you need not her sympathies. But you have them."

Horace took up his hat and moved towards the door. Mr. Glenmore held out his hand.

"I am offended with your frankness, Horace. I am glad that you have spoken to me, and that you seem to like her better than you once did. I suspect she will be glad to see you pertinent and come back after a while. I will say but little from my door, but that you shall find conditions on which I can receive her as a daughter, and as do you. Farewell!—a plea sant voyage and the speedy restoration of your mother's health. TO BE CONTINUED.

Original Lectures.

MR. LORD'S LECTURES ON THE HEROES OF THE REFORMATION.

LECTURE VI.—CONCLUDED.

GEORGE FOX AND THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW ERA BY RUFUS WARREN.

George Fox was doubtless one of the boldest reformers of his age or nation. He attempted to carry out his reforms to all the extent his almost impossibles would admit, wishing to square their practice, and produce that perfection which I fear will never be attained—always with due allowance for human infirmity, yielding nothing to the inclinations of society, and not unnecessarily sacrificing any laws of expediency. The central principle of his system has much in it that is beautiful—the authority of the "light within"—only that, when carried out to its full extent, it leads too close a resemblance to the mystic and transcendental doctrines of Pythagoras to claim the merit of much originality—for it is too vaguely allied to such sufficient and much support from the majority of Christians. Fox was a rebel from every form of power, civil or ecclesiastic, and had no respect for any accumulation of human experience, when not in accordance with his views of truth. He was disgusted with all his teachers, and despised the venerated names of the early Church. He thought that they could teach him nothing; they only professed his name. He had nothing to learn from men, and very little from any exposition of Divine Truth. He earnestly sought his salvation direct from God. Light and truth were upon his mind from a study of the Sacred Scriptures, as to the case with Luther, but the new revelation which he supposed to come immediately from God was not opposed to the truth of Scriptures, but greater than they, inasmuch as the fountain was greater than the stream which flowed from it. According to Scripture and Divine, inward illuminations, will not contradict the outward testimony of the Scriptures or right and sound reason, yet are not to be subjected to the test, either of the outward testimony of the Scriptures, or the natural reason of man; for this Divine revelation and inward illumination are those which God have promised to give, and which form the ascent of the well-disposed understanding. And again, in reference to the Scriptures, he says, that because they are only derived from the fountain itself, therefore they are not to be esteemed the principal ground of truth, nor yet considered primarily the rule of faith. They are only a secondary rule, and subordinate to the spirit, from which they derive all their excellence and certainty. Hence it was that Fox took the authority of the Scriptures to a least secondary to the teachings of the spirit; that he gave the door to delusion and fanaticism, for such is the infirmity of human nature, that it would be difficult for any one to persuade or believe that some things were the promptings of the divine, when they might be the suggestions of the evil spirit. I do not mean to say that his followers had such a profound reverence for the Scriptures, that they were not willing to examine their commandments; but if that principle be maintained, other persons, not as yet manifested, might dare to do so. Has it not been said, even in this age, that certain declarations in the Scriptures, which seemed to be opposed to the favorite doctrines of a party, originated in old Jewish prejudices, and are not to be received as of? Was not the idea of a special, Divine illumination, the great delusion of St. Francis when he felt prompted to outrage the injunctions of scripture? a delusion causing numberless extravagances which I have not time to enumerate? Was not the notion in the breast of Mahomet which led him to forsake idolatry for the one God worshipped of the East. 1bid it not animate the Anabaptists of Germany? and has it not led the Mormons, in our own times, into gross extravagance? This doctrine of the direct communication of the spirit, rendering the mind independent of the Bible, is the central principle of many of those systems of religion which even Friends regard as opposed to Pagan and indolence. I do not say that Friends make this doctrine "Pagan," but their common sense and their reverence for the Scriptures, keep them from the excess to which it has on this head certainly and fatally produced in the Anabaptists, and which it always will produce among excitable people, if persons of more than ordinary mind, not belonging to the Friends, run into great extravagance, and yet earnestly and warmly defend them, on the ground of a special revelation. Such a doctrine has no affinity with that of the ordinary influences of the Divine spirit, in which all evangelical Christians believe. It means a *peculiar* information from God, or if it does not mean this it signifies something still more censurable by truly enlightened Christians; even a sort of Pagan spiritualism, such as George Bancroft has attributed to the Society, and which was the prevailing idea of the systems of Plato and Pythagoras. Indeed, that superficial historian, wishing to please all sects, has either greatly misunderstood the principles of Fox, or aimed at more than attractive to a variety which among the Friends, whose sympathies are with the rationalistic doctrines of a school in and around Boston. But Fox was no more a Platonic philosopher than he was a Lutheran or a Calvinist; and Mr. Bancroft has rendered no service to truth or to the Society of Friends, by painting Fox, their most illustrious founder, in such a misleading manner, and speaking as such a kind of Pagan Philosophy, however acceptable to the taste of many, as the very basis of the personality of God and of the Spirit. For the Friends to countenance such a doctrine, in theory or practice; still, his favorite doctrine was so much in harmony with the mysticism of the age, and with the spirit of Quakerism, that the spiritual illumination which marked the saints of the visible church, had to be superseded by a whole system to severe criticism. And just so much as the Friends have departed from the spirit of ancient Greece, to that extent his doctrine was certainly erroneous. If he meant by it only the inward illumination which the Bible and experience no believed by most evangelical sects to be necessary to the salvation of the soul, and peculiar to originality, and no more peculiarity, except so far as the Friends have made a point of themselves, and their social habits, in which they are not materially different from the early Methodists, and many other religious sects, I do not see that Fox which gives him all his importance, and if he meant something more than this, and more than the spirit of the Presbyterians, why then the difference of the most healthy claim our special notice. But I am not prepared to enter into this question at the monthly meeting about them. For did claim to be a peculiar illumination, in the sense which I am using the "inner light," which Luther, and Calvin, and Cecil, and Wesley, and all the reformers trust, which would blinds the soul into rapture, and reveal truths which the Bible has not revealed, I should say, "Sir, you are not a reformer upon more enquiry, but a visionary. You are not a Christian, but a Pagan." Such a doctrine is the very basis of delusion, and the parent of infidelity. It is the spirit of God without the word. It is the spirit of God without the word. It is the spirit of God without the word

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PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 86 Sixth Street, North of Chestnut,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Curidge of the Isle," and Mrs. Lee Smith's "Ensign;" or, Matilda Vane," we design commencing

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," which the interest will be separate and distinct.

Viola will come the time for Mrs. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for the story of Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will seem in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelists mentioned are sufficiently rich still of fun to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the numerous American and European Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the numerous American and European Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the numerous American and European

Selected Poetry.

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

[No one, we think, can read these touching lines, which we take from Dickens's "Christmas number of Household Words," without emotion.]

It was a Christmas Eve—and lonely,
By a great window high,
Where the city chimneys barely
Spared a handful-breath of the sky,
Sat a child, a age—but weeping,
With a face so small and thin,
That it seemed too scant a keeping
To have sight years stored therein.

Oh, grief looks the most distorted
When its hideous shadow lies
On the often sunny life-cornea
That doth fill a child's blue eyes!
For the eyes are still and sunken,
And the whitens'd cheek was gaunt,
And the blue veins on the forehead
Were the pencling of Want.

And she wept for years like parents,
Till the child of the story "cried"
Like the seed of the sturdy,
By itself had withered all.
But the Christmas time returned,
As an old friend, for whose eyes
She would take down all the pictures
Hidden by faithful Memory.

If those brilliant Christmas seasons,
When the joyous laugh went round!
When sweet words of love and kindness
Were an unfamiliar sound.
When, in the child's real vision,
Her mother's face could see,
And she could be clasped within
Its fair and precious arms.

Of her father's pleasant stories,
Or the riddles and the plays,
All the losses and the pensions
That the child whose Christmas times
Were so well that there was no one
Of it (save a working mother)
To wish her a merry Christmas,
For she had nothing more spoke.

How there came a time of struggling,
When, if not hard, the child
Grinding Poverty would only
In its evil pow ers to dwell;
How her mother grew more tender,
With her tell-tale form defined,
Took her baby to her bosom,
And was healed by her side.

How she clung to her mother
As the last sign from the wreck,
But more dearly as between them
With her arms were round her neck.
Those were not as living visions;
And, if ever they offered bread,
Those were none to eat to blessing
Or the kiss to nurture bread.

Oh, if any grief her sadness,
It was less of her than joy!
For they redressed crime more warmly
Than the well-worn cloth we bet.
But at length the grief proper
Of those sick and restless grave!
Came to the child's heart to whisper
Of her mother's lonely home.

And when the blessed one sickened,
Then her sorrow knew no bound,
Ever by the bedside kneeling
And holding her hand around.

How the rich frost sparkled, sterile,
And pure fashion of fashions the
Proved their ingenious on the waters
That in vessels were by.

How bright bills of peace and ardent
Closed the cold Christmas word,
And, with resilience light, but burning,
Were the gladdening sounds it heard.

Then, that distant-burning glory,
"Half a guinea-sovereign of light"
Set long year in Almighty
Could create chains to her sight.
There sat God—and her heart told her
The name, the voice, for our son,
Was near from holy baby
In the cradle of an one.

There was music—oh, such music!
They were the air around,
Like those voices of shepherds
Which the Bethlehem hills did sound.
But, when first those chords
To a softened sounding fall,
Then the child remembered the voices
That on earth she heard no well.

At a tiny gnome's entrance
A fair child upon his head,
With his ivory skeletons hidden
"Mouth in coral and living gold;
And he who then, "Is he coming?"
For so only can spirits,
The white arms of her twin-brother
Are soon and her neck.

Then they all came round her greeting;
But she might have well denied
That her brother's angel-wing
Is the pure child that died;
And the sweet child both wanted
From her father's motion face,
And she drew off from her mother
Till she feels the old embrace.

Oh, then that ecstatic dreaming
Must she ever again,
To the cold and sleepless contrast,—
To a life of pain!
But her Maker's sentence severed
To her side on tiptoe crept;
Held his counsels in whispers—
And she stirred not as she slept!

Now the Christmas was breaking
With a dim, uncertain hue,
And the chilling trance of morning
Came to those window through;
And the hair upon her forehead,
Were it lifted by the hum,
Or the breathing wings of Sprites,
With their bodies on parted?

All the festive bells were chiming
To the myriad tracts below;
For the deep-toned long hung
On the sleeper's thoughtful brow
But the night-dress of the dream-life
Had a lingering glory given,
That no child can wear the clothing
Her Christmas day in Heaven.

Selected Sketch.

IT RUNS IN THE BLOOD.

The tendency of nature to reproduce personal peculiarities of all kinds, and to transmit them through successive generations from father to son, has often been remarked, and may, to a casual or less careful observer, seem to be merely a freak of nature, whose basis may be discovered among the fortuitous concurrence of atoms; but the careful student of physiology will find in such cases a definite reason for the existence of the phenomenon, which, though it may not be explained in every instance, is nevertheless susceptible of explanation in a large majority of cases. Every one who has examined a family-portrait-gallery must have noticed this tendency of nature to raise up natural varieties or characteristic peculiarities of features or form, to render them fixed and indelible in succeeding generations. A few of remarkable will show the propriety of attention to such matters, and the importance of a study of the subject. Nothing is more interesting to the father or mother, where there is a very striking resemblance to a grandfather or grandmother, or even to a more distant relative. A family peculiarity of temperament, or disposition is one generation and reappear in the next, and even more generations than one are occasionally passed over